

5

WHAT A BLUNDER!

A
COMIC OPERA
IN THREE ACTS.

NOW PERFORMING

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET,

WITH THE GREATEST APPLAUSE.



BY

JOSEPH GEORGE HOLMAN,

AUTHOR OF "ABROAD AND AT HOME," "VOTARY
OF WEALTH," &c.

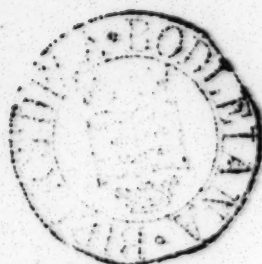


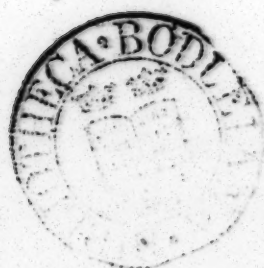
DUBLIN:

Printed by Thomas Burnside.

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BY, J. MILLIKEN, J. STOCKDALE,
D. GRAISBERRY, J. PARRY,
J. SHEA AND T. CORD.

1800.





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Dashington,	-	-	Mr. FAWCETT.
Sir Sturdy O'Tremor	-	-	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Count Alphonso D'Esparza	-	-	Mr. HOLMAN.
Don Miguel de Lara	-	-	Mr. SUETT.
Lopez	-	-	Mr. FARLEY.
Juan	-	-	Mr. EMERY.
Diego	-	-	Mr. ATKINS.
Patrick	-	-	Mr. CHIPPENDALE.
Captain of the Banditti	-	-	Mr. SAWYER.
First Robber	-	-	Mr. CAULFIELD.
Second Robber	-	-	Mr. J. PALMER.
First Friar	-	-	Mr. ABBOT.
Angelina	-	-	Miss DE CAMP.
Leonora	-	-	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Jaqueline	-	-	Miss WHEATLY.
Violetta	-	-	Miss MENAGE.

Nuns, Friars, Banditti, Officers of the Inquisition, &c.

SCENE—Valencia.

WHAT A BLUNDER!

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A beautiful Country with a Vineyard.—
Peasants discovered.*

GLEE.

HAPPY is the peasant's lot,
If he know to prize it :
Comfort lodges in a cot,
Then let none despise it.
Wholesome toil and fragrant air
Sauce our homely rustic fare :
And you see
Poor peasantry
Are merry and full of enjoyment ;
While the great,
In all their state,
Are drooping for want of employment.

A 3

Diego.

Diego. Here comes Signor Lopez, head man to the Chief Inquisitor of the province, Don Miguel de Lara. Stand back, stand back, and pay your humble obedience to him. *(They fall back, and bow to Lopez as he enters.)*

Lopez. Save you, save you. *(They bow again.)* Ah, that will do; that is quite enough, good people. It is really a tormenting thing to be a man of such consequence. I don't wonder now, that the Eastern monarchs suffer themselves to be seen so seldom; for, in good truth, the homage that attends greatness is very troublesome to men of indolent habits.

Diego. I am glad to see your Honour look so well to-day.

Lopez. Thank you—thank you.

Diego. I hope that your Honour likes these parts, and that you be not displeased with the folk hereabout.

Lopez. Why, as to these parts, honest Diego, they are pleasant enough. Valencia is a pretty province; but for the neighbourhood, my good fellow, that, you must suppose, is most diabolical to a man like me, used not only to the society of Madrid, but who have lived in London and Paris. You may well conceive how wretched is my condition, if you consider that, with all my talents and information, I am sometimes forced, for want of better company, to come and sit a whole hour with such a bumpkin as you. It is hard, is n't it.

Diego. I am sorry we entertain you so badly; but we do our best, and always feel your company a vast honour.

Lopez. That I consider, and therefore put up with all deficiencies. I am reasonable, and know how to make allowances. Pray have you seen the two
strangers

strangers to-day that have been in the neighbourhood the last fortnight?

Diego. No, Signor Lopez.

Lopez. Whimsical gentlemen! They make free—seem to feel themselves quite at home.

Diego. What countrymen are they?

Lopez. What countrymen? Oh, Diego, your ignorance of men and manners!—Can any country but one, produce men mad enough to play such wild tricks in his Most Catholic Majesty's sober dominions, and in full sight of the habitation of an Inquisitor? No, no, Diego; Englishmen are the only people who never consider change of place, but are just the same harum-scarum mad-caps in all parts of the world as they are at home: quite as ready to make an uproar in the court of the Great Mogul, as to break a lamp within the liberties of Westminster.

Diego. I did not understand that these strangers were both from the same country.

Lopez. You did not understand!—My dear Diego, you should only listen, and let other people understand for you! Mark me—You are of the kingdom of Valencia, I of Castille—yet we are both Spaniards.—So one of these strangers is of England, the other of Ireland; which though different islands, yet the natives of both own one country—one king—and (this in your ear, Diego) will, with one heart, defend their country and king against all the rest of the world.—Here come two miserable-looking Hidalgos—fellows, that live in dirt and poverty, from the fear of debasing their noble descent, by honestly earning a whole coat and a good meal.

Two Hidalgos enter with great stateliness, and the appearance of extreme poverty.

Lopez. Save you, save you. (*They return no answer, but look at him with great contempt, and exult.*) These are precious vermin: the most wretched paupers, with the pride of princes.—How soon must the nation go to ruin where it is reckoned dishonourable to be industrious! They have a different method of considering matters in the country I was just talking of. Instead of seeing, as we do here, nobility made ridiculous by its entailing on future generations laziness and poverty, in England you will find some of its most stately branches raised from the stock of honest industry.

Diego. What is coming yonder?

Lopez. Hey!—Oh! it is one of the strangers.

Diego. He seems hurt or sick—his servants are wheeling him along in a chair.

Lopez. That is only one of his mad whims. He fancies himself in a consumption, and went to Lisbon for the recovery of his health—there he fell in love, and is now searching through Spain for his mistress, whose relations suddenly conveyed her from Portugal.—Disappointment has increased his nervous fancies, and with stamina to last a century he believes that he sha'n't exist a month. This is the one from Ireland—he is called Sir Sturdy O'Tremor.

Diego. Well, Signor Lopez, time presses—I must look to my work.

Lopez. That is right.—Farewell, honest Diego.

(*Exit Diego.*)

Sir Stur. (*without.*) If you don't move me more gently, I'll break every bone in your skins, you vagabonds.

Lopez.

Lopez. There is a voice for a man in a consumption!

(Sir Sturdy is wheeled on in an invalid chair by two Servants.)

Sir Stur. Gently, gently, you scoundrels!—Oh, the devil fetch you, you have not a spark of compassion for your poor dying master. There! stop, stop, let me rest a morsel—Oh, it is all over with me!—Even this little bit of a motion is too great a fatigue for my worn-out frame. Come hither, Pat.—Now, Pat, on your conscience tell me, don't I look like a corpse?

Pat. By my faith, your honour, it must be a corpse that died of a scarlet fever then—for your gills look as rosy as Father O'Flanagan's, when he has tossed off the fourth bottle.

Sir Stur. (starting up in a rage, and seizing him.) You unfeeling brute! to make a joke of your master's infirmities.—I'll shake you to atoms, you dog! *(He shakes him, and then sits down again.)*

Pat. By Saint Patrick you have a pretty tight grip for a corpse. *(walking away angrily.)*

Lopez. If that be an Irishman in a consumption, Heaven keep me from the clutches of one in full health and strength!

Sir Stur. (seeing Lopez.) There is a stranger; he can have no interest in deceiving me.—Step this way, my good fellow; I suppose you can read in my looks, that I am not a man long for this world.

Lopez. (aside.) I have just gained a practical hint for my behaviour; so I know how to humour you.—Why, Sir, I am sorry to say I can't flatter you.

Sir

Sir Stur. You are an honest fellow.

Lopez. Not but I am perfectly aware that some persons might mistake that ruddy complexion.

Sir Stur. Oh, a mere flush—a melancholy symptom—a hectic glow.

Lopez. Yes, that is just what I supposed.

Sir Stur. And as for my figure, did you ever see such a poor miserable spectre?

Lopez. Oh Lord!—Oh Lord! (*aside.*)—As you say, Sir—your figure—but you know, Sir, on that point I am unable to speak accurately, not having seen you otherwise.

Sir Stur. Why, then it will surprise you to be told that I was once—a stout, able-bodied man.

Lopez. I assure you, Sir, I am very much inclined to believe it.

Sir Stur. Yes, indeed; and instead of this little bit of a pipe, I once had a voice like thunder.

Lopez. That I can readily imagine; for, to say the truth, it still conveys no faint idea of that sound.

Sir Stur. Oh, yes—I am all faint, all feeble.

Dash. (*without.*) You lazy beggars! I will put a little motion into you; I'll make you active against your wills. (*He enters fighting with the two Hidalgos.*)

Sir Stur. (*starting up.*) Two to one—fair play, you spalpeens! (*He rushes on one of them, trips him up, and seizes his sword at the same time that Dashington disarms the other.*)

Lopez. There is a poor feeble dying man!—If I stay, I shall certainly laugh in his face; so I will take myself hence while I am safe.

(*Exit.*)

Dash.

Dash. (*To the fallen Hidalgo.*) Away, Sir!—follow your companion; and learn, that to afford assistance to females in distress is an action that, instead of being beneath a gentleman, a prince may be proud of.

(*Exit second Hidalgo.*)

Sir Stur. What occasioned this encounter?

Dash. You shall hear.

Sir Stur. But first let me seat myself, or I shall sink to the earth.

Dash. Ha! ha! While a man can sink others to the earth with such ease, he is not in much danger of sinking there himself.

Sir Stur. Ah, my dear Dashington! you don't know my complaints.

Dash. Very true; and what is still better, you don't know them yourself.—But to my story. I saw, at a distance, moving along at the solemn stately pace accordant with Spanish dignity, an old lumbering vehicle, that looked as if it had been a present from the city of London of one of their cast-off lord mayor's coaches. The coachman was very comfortably enjoying his *siesta* on the box.—Well, on it paced for some time, as orderly and slowly as if it had been in a procession; when, unluckily, a bed of clover on the road side tempting the steeds to deviate from the beaten track, down went the carriage into an ugly kind of a hollow: I heard the screams of women, and flew to their assistance. Those fellows were passing, whose aid I required to raise the carriage. The beggarly rascals, considering such employment a degradation, insolently refused. I however effected my purpose, without their help, and fortune throwing them again in my way, I was determined to pay them what I thought they deserved.

Sir

Sir Stur. Oh the vagabonds! I wish I had been with you—not that, in my feeble state, I could have rendered any service.

Dash. Yes, I think you could.

Sir Stur. No, no—it is all over with me.

Dash. Really!

Sir Stur. Yes, quite.

Dash. What a pity!

Sir Stur. No power on earth could enable me to rise from this chair.

Dash. Oh, yes, yes, and I think you might even be brought to take a little walk with me, only for a mile or so.

Sir Stur. A mile or so! Not three paces, if it were to gain me the wealth of both Indies.

Dash. Perhaps so; I know you are not covetous; but beauty, angelic beauty, might allure you.

Sir Stur. Oh, I am in a pretty state for beauty to have any effect on me!

Dash. Then your case is hopeless, indeed. I am heartily sorry for it, and I'll tell Jaquelina!

Sir Stur. Eh! what did you say of Jaquelina? *(Turning towards Dashington very actively.)*

Dash. I said I should tell Jaquelina.

Sir Stur. Ah! you mean if you should happen to see that dear creature after I am dead.

Dash. If I don't see her till after you are dead, your consumption must be a galloping one.

Sir Stur. Hey!

Dash. I only mean that you must die in a devil of a hurry, for I am to see Jaquelina in a few hours.

Sir Stur. What! see Jaquelina in a few hours! *(Starting up.)*

Dash. Bless my soul, you are on your legs again! But be composed—sit down my dear fellow; you'll do

do yourself harm—Good bye—I'll tell you all another time.

Sir Stur. What do you mean by another time?
(*Walking after him impatiently.*)

Dasht. My dear friend, you'll fatigue yourself to death. You know you could not walk three paces for the wealth of both Indies.

Sir Stur. I'd walk to both Indies to see Jaquelina. Where is she, my dear friend?

Dasht. Here—here, in this very place.

Sir Stur. Tol lol. (*singing and dancing in great ecstasy*)

Dasht. Don't agitate your feeble frame.

Sir Stur. Feeble! I am as stout as a lion.

Dasht. I knew I should work a miracle. Now learn that Jaquelina, who was so suddenly removed from your sight at Lisbon, was in the very carriage which overturned this morning. I had her in my arms.

Sir Stur. And let me take you in my arms, my dear friend! for you have raised me from the grave.

Dasht. But calm your ecstasy: she is confined by bolts and bars.

Sir Stur. Where?

Dasht. In a convent—and, what is worse, she fears that she is soon to take the veil.

Sir Stur. I'll set fire first to every convent in Spain, in defiance of the Inquisition.

Dasht. I think you may obtain her by less violent means.

Sir Stur. How, how, my dear friend?

Dasht. That you shall know with all expedition. The ladies who were in the carriage with her were so terrified at the accident, that they were a long time before they recovered their senses: so, while

B

they

they obligingly continued fainting, we had opportunity to lay plans for her escape.

Sir Stur. But when?

Dasb. This very night.

Sir Stur. Delightful!

Dasb. And I am to be a reverend friar for the occasion. Come along, and you shall know all; but Sir Sturdy, you forget your invalid chair—You won't be so rash as to walk

Sir Stur. Walk! Why, I could fly, if that were the only way to get a sight of her. *Allons, mon cher ami.* [Exit.

SCENE II.

A Wood, with a Cottage.

Lopez enters.

Surely my master, Don Miguel de Lara, is the last man in the world that I should have suspected of accepting a post in the Holy Office. He used to be the most friendly, good-humoured old fellow in all Spain: what then could induce him to become an Inquisitor? He is mightily altered, and yet, somehow, the change is only superficial. He frowns at every body, and hardly speaks a kind word; but I have reason to think his heart is as humane as ever. He has sent me to seek out a melancholy being who, as he understands, chooses to live in this lonely place. A man can't be void of tenderness who courts the society of the unfortunate.—This must be the person I am sent to—I'll observe him a little, before I accost him.

Enter

Enter Alphonso, from the Cottage.

Alph. Now to my painful task, of seeking commerce with that hated being man, to purchase means of eking out a life of wretchedness. Were I not forced by nature's wants to the detested intercourse, I might be sheltered in this friendly solitude from the sight my eyes abhor, and my heart sickens at—a human face. (*Lopez comes forward.*)—Ha! What! hunted to my very den! No beast of prey is chased by man with such unwearied ardour as he pursues his fellow.

Lopez. My master sent me, Sir. Good Heavens! I surely know that face. My Lord Alphonso?

Alph. What, my hated name! Have I then fled to this secluded spot, seeking to shun the sight of man; but most of all to hide me from their view who knew me in my days of happiness; and must I still meet eyes that in this wretched being trace Alphonso?—But to your errand: your master sent you; who is he?

Lopez. Chief of the Inquisition of Valencia.

Alph. What, is that tribunal grown impolitic in cruelty, to seek a wretch like me to wreak its vengeance on? Those who delight in human misery should single out the happy, and force the groan of anguish from the heart that ne'er knew aught but rapture: I am so pre-eminent in wretchedness, that I can look with tranquil eye on all the horrors of the infernal court—misnamed the Holy! Can its gloomy caverns terrify the man who loaths the sight of day? can eternal silence be a punishment to him to whom all converse with mankind is hateful? or can the flames which fold around
the

the victim of its wrath, equal the fire which burns within my bosom?—No, no; the flames which kindle at the stake, possess the mercy too to counteract the vengeance that employs them, and soon consign the sufferer to eternal peace; while here, here in this tortured heart, a fire more painful rages, and yet will not destroy.

Lopez. I mourn the cause of your distress, my Lord, whatever it be; but I was sent to you to bear the greetings of my master, and express his wish for your society:—knowing you only by report, as one who seemed of noble bearing, and unhappy; but when he shall find it is the Count Alphonso—

Alph. Peace! peace! that name no more; the sound is hateful to me. And who are you, that know me thus sequestered and disguised?

Lopez. My Lord, I was once your servant, and honoured by your notice: you may, perhaps, remember Lopez de Miel.

Alph. Yes, yes, I do remember you; you quitted me to travel with my brother.

Lopez. I did, my Lord, just before your marriage.

Alph. Silence, tormentor!

Lopez. My Lord!

Alph. What demon that delights to press with horrid touch upon the trembling nerve most sensitive to mortal agony, has sent thee to perform his functions? Begone, thou agent of a fiend's malignity!

Lopez. My Lord, Heaven knows I meant not to offend you.

Alph. Why then unfeelingly proclaim the event to which I owe my misery? But, perhaps, I
wrong

wrong you ; you may still be ignorant of my shame.

Lop. s. Your shame, my Lord !

Alph. Aye, marriage was my shame ! my torment ! Oh, Heaven ! her lovely face seemed to proclaim that every virtue dwelt within her breast ; her beauty, while it filled the eye with admiration, enforced homage from the heart, for it appeared the loveliness of goodness ; I fancied (poor deluded wretch !) that her whole soul was mine ; that, unworthy as I was, in me she fixed her Heaven of happiness ;—ha, ha, ha ! vain, weak man ; and false, false, deceitful woman ! A few weeks absence lost me this treasure ; and to a stranger, the acquaintance of a day, she gave her heart : but he does not live to triumph in my pangs ; no, thank Heaven ! vengeance still was left me.

Lopez. Your cause of grief, indeed, my Lord, is weighty ; but solitude will only cherish what the business and the pleasures of the world, in time, might dissipate.

Alph. Talk, not thus idly. The world !—she was the world to me, and now she is lost, the link is snapped that bound me to creation : the various passions which possess the human heart, and point to different objects, were in mine directed all to her. Did I court honours ? 'twas to lavish them on Angelina ; did wealth seem worth possessing ? 'twas that Angelina might command whatever wealth could purchase ; did I seek the circles of the gay ? it was that she might know not a pause from pleasure ; for all to me was irksome that compelled one thought or look to be withdrawn from her.—Leave me ; and by the regard which you profess, report me to your master, not as Alphonso, but as a wretched, nameless

being, to whom man can do no kindness but in shunning him, as he shuns all mankind.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.

Dashington disguised as a Friar, and Sir Sturdy O'Tremor, enter.

Sir Stur. Upon my soul! and you make a good portly reverend-looking kind of a friar.

Dash. Yes; and I have put on the habit of a priest to perform a priest's office, to unite two lovers: nobody can say I am out of character.

Sir Stur. You can scarcely conceive the palpitation of my heart at this moment.

Dash. Yes, I can. When you are so near the object of your heart's wishes, it is a symptom very easy to be accounted for.

Sir Stur. I declare now, every nerve in my whole frame is in commotion.

Dash. Natural enough.

Sir Stur. Yes; and I have such a fluttering here! (*Pointing to his chest.*) How my voice trembles!

Dash. Very likely.

Sir Stur. And with what difficulty I draw my breath!

Dash. Plague take your fancies! Because you are agitated with joy from the hope of regaining your mistress, you'd make one believe you are in the agonies of death.

Sir

Sir Stur. And if I were, she'd bring me to life again. But, my dear friend, confess now, is n't it strange to find an effect produced upon every part of me?

Dash. What! when the woman you love is going to leap into your arms? You are an odd fellow.

Sir Stur. It clearly convinces me that all is not right.

Dash. Now it clearly convinces me that all is right. But I'll leave you now, my Herculean invalid; I'll go alone, and reconnoitre the convent. Mind that you follow me with caution.

[Exit Dashington.]

SONG.—*Sir Sturdy O'Tremor.*

Oh! what a great flutter is here in my heart,
And a queer sort of feel runs through every part,
With a heigho! dear me! well-a-day!
I do shiver, that surely an ague I've got,
But 'tis sometimes a cold one, and sometimes a hot;
With a heigho! &c.

My nerves all so friskily caper and prance;
They're certainly learning St. Vitus's dance:
With a heigho! &c.
With labour I force up each tremulous note,
For the words I would utter they stick in my throat:
With a heigho! &c.

WHAT A BLUNDER!

As sure as I live, I'm in danger of death,
 For no sign so sure as stoppage of breath;
 With a heigho! &c.
 My pulse comes and goes too, so strangely, good lack!
 I fear it will go, and will never come back:
 With a heigho! &c.

But when I my charmer shall see,
 Quickly will vanish all sorrow and pain;
 Oh! let her bright eyes beam on me,
 Then pleasure will tingle in every vein.

And once let me call her my own,
 Rapture will crown me by day and by night;
 Joy then will so mighty be grown,
 Oh! I shall die with delight!

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

A Convent.—Dashington and Sir Sturdy enter.

Dash. Now, unless I succeed in managing the Cerberus of a gardener, and get him to open the garden gate, her escape is impossible; for the walls, you see, are insurmountable.

Sir Stur. Upon my soul here is a complete fortification: see a light at the window yonder.

Dash.

Daft. But her voice must give us confirmation that it proceeds from her apartment. Hush!

AIR.—*Jaquelina from a Window in the Convent.*

How sweetly glide her tranquil days,
Who, free from Passion's sway,
No wish beyond these walls betrays,
Nor wafts one sigh away:
Oh then 'tis heaven here to dwell,
For seraphs cheer her lonely cell.

But pity her, whom cruel pow'r
A victim here has brought,
To pine away each ling'ring hour
While absent ev'ry thought:
Oh then 'tis horror here to dwell,
For dæmons haunt her dismal cell.

Sir Stur. I declare I am ready to faint at hearing that sweet voice again.

Daft. If there is to be any fainting, pray leave that to the lady.—Here comes the fellow that I must delude. Now, Sir Sturdy to your station; be vigilant, and, if I succeed, make good use of your opportunities. (*They both retire.*)

Enter

Enter Juan, from the Garden.

Juan. A hard kind of a service this of mine, to be watch-dog to a convent ; and spite of all my care, I am afraid, at last, I shall lose some of my lambkins. I have found many a sheap stealing rogue on the look-out : hitherto I have been too sharp for them ; but what signifies the best care in the world, when the goods you have to watch are willing to be stolen as the thieves are to steal them ? Here comes a reverend father ! This is the only set of men I a'n't afraid of. Not because I think that holiness always lies under a hood ; but because these father confessors being trusted with the sins of their female acquaintance, why it is fair to imagine, that if they are ever disposed to sin themselves, they need not go out of their own neighbourhood to indulge their inclinations.

Dashington comes forward.

Juan. Save you, father !

Dasht. Benedicite ! But tell me, son, what are you loitering about here for, at so late an hour ? I hope you have no ill design ?

Juan. No : I am placed here to prevent other people's ill designs.

Dasht. How am I to be convinced of that ?

Juan. I don't know that it concerns you.

Dasht. It does concern me much—My zeal—

Juan. Well, well ; your zeal shall be satisfied. These priests will pry into every body's business. (*Aside.*) Here, here is the badge of my office—Here is the key of the gardens of the convent.

Dasht.

Dasht. Are you sure that is the key? (*Offering to take it.*)

Juan. Am I sure? Yes I am sure, and I won't be called to account any more. I am doing nothing but my duty.

Dasht. A sulky, stubborn rascal this. (*Aside.*) I doubt very much that you are doing your duty. I have strong apprehensions that you have some evil intention, and therefore, to prevent danger, I'll alarm the convent, I'll—(*Raising his voice a little.*)

Juan. Silence! don't let your zeal frighten my Lady Abbess, and the whole nunnery. I never met such a troublesome fellow in my life.

Dasht. If you don't instantly satisfy me, I'll raise them all—

Juan. Hush! hush! A'n't you ashamed of yourself?—What shall I do? If he call up my Lady Abbess, I shall get into a scrape. For she is a priestess, and he's a priest; and so being both parsons, they'll take each other's part to a certainty. (*Aside.*)—Well, well, I'll convince you—There, there you shall find I am no impostor—You shall see it is the right key.

Dasht. Come then, show me. (*Juan opens the garden gate.*)

Juan. Now, are you satisfied.

Dasht. Yes, yes, now it is clear you are an honest fellow.

Juan. Well, then, let me shut it again.

Dasht. Stay, stay; what a refreshing odour arises from the flowers in this garden, and how neatly it is laid out! Ay, he is a skilful man, he knows his business, that has the management of these grounds.

Juan. Why yes—though I say it myself, I am as good a gardener as any in all in this province.

Dasht.

Dash. Ay, or the next to it, or all Spain, you may say, if you are the man—I must be better acquainted with you—I know something of your art, and we'll converse together.

Juan. Whenever you please—but I'll just shut the gate, for—

Dash. Not yet, if you love me. Delightful! exquisite! Keep it open a little longer, my good friend; and while one sense is so charmingly indulged, we'll try if we can't gratify another—Here, brother florist—here is a bottle of choice stuff; I never go unprovided.

FINALE.

Dashington, Juan, Sir Sturdy, Jaquelina, Nuns and Friars.

Dash. While the rose's sweet fragrance with pleasure's exhal'd,
With wine's rosy juice let the taste be regal'd.

Juan. Agreed; and to prove my regard for the rose,
I'll drink till I've painted its tints on my nose.

Dash. Now's your time. (*In a whisper to Sir Sturdy while Juan is drinking.*)

Sir Stur. ————— My noble fellow!

Dash. (*To Juan.*) Come let us drink till we are mellow.

(*Dashington*)

(Dashington goes up to Juan, and stands in such a manner as to block up his view of the gate, while Sir Sturdy goes into the garden.)

Juan. What a flavour! how delicious!

Sir Stur. (In the garden to Jaquelina) Quick, my love, the time is precious.

Dash. Fill again.—Jaq. Oh, how alarming!

Juan. By the mass this wine is charming!

Sir Stur. Pause no more. (To Jaq.)—Dash. (To Juan) Nay, don't give over.

Jaq. Oh, I fear to trust my fate.

Sir Stur. Can you doubt your faithful lover?

Juan. Now, I'll lock the garden gate.

Sir Stur. All is lost then—Dash. (To Juan.) No, not yet, man.

Sir Stur. Leap, or it will be too late.

Dash. Sure the bottle you'll not quit, man;

Juan. But I'll lock the garden gate.

Jaq. Spread your arms then to receive me.

Sir Stur. Boidly leap, and nothing fear. (She leaps.)

Juan. What's that noise?—Dash. There's none, believe me.

Juan. Hark! again a noise I hear.

Dash. Poh! your brain with wine is heated.

Juan. Ha! a window open too.

Dash. Piha! What folly!—Juan. Oh, I'm cheated; Help! here, help, I'm trick'd by you.

Dash. Cease your bawling (To Juan.—Now, or never. (To Sir Sturdy in the garden.)

Sir Stur. { Coming out } Friend, I'm bound to you for
and { of the } ever.

Jaq. { garden. } Sir, I'm bound to you for ever.

Dash. Fly, your safety lies in distance. [Exeunt Sir Sturdy and Jaquelina.]

Juan. Help! Oh, help here! Some assistance!
(Going into the garden, Dashington following.)

C

Dash.

Dash. Silence, silence!—*Juan.* Murder! fire!

Dash. Will that curs'd tongue never tire?

(Juan suddenly springs out of the garden, shutting the gate, and leaving Dashington within.)

Juan. I've caught you, my jolly friar.

(Nuns appear at the windows of the Convent, and Friars and Singing-boys enter, as from an adjoining monastery.)

CHORUS.

Whence this noise? Why thus alarm us?

Dash. Here am I, a pris'ner fast.

Nuns. Did this man intend to harm us?

Juan. Yes; and there he's safe at last.

Dash. Ladies, I no harm e'er meant you.
I'm a sober modest man.

CHORUS.

What but mischief here has sent you?

Juan. Now be jogging if you can.

CHORUS.

A villanous design is clear;
No good, 'tis certain, brought him here;
Most sacrilegious his intent,
And he shall meet due punishment.

(Dashington joins in the chorus, and sings.)

No villanous design is clear,
That drunken rascal lock'd me here;
Not sacrilegious my intent,
And I defy your punishment.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Don Miguel's House.

Leonora and Viletta enter.

Viletta.

AH! Madam, all your thoughts go to one object.

Leo. Yes, Viletta, I can't help it—I shall love him for ever. Oh my dear handsome Englishman, I'll be constant to you in spite of fate!

Vil. How will you manage that, dear Madam? You must marry Don Miguel's son, as soon as he comes from Lima.

Leo. No, I never will.

Vil. It is impossible that you should prevent it. You know your father, at his death, left Don Miguel absolute power over you as your guardian, besides expressly enjoining that you should marry his son Don Philip.

Leo. I don't care—the dear Englishman I met at Madrid, when I was visiting my sister, is the only man that ever have me for his wife.

Vil.

Vil. But, pardon me if I say you seem to be constant without reason.

Leo. Women, you know, will have their whims. Many are inconstant without reason: my whim is at any rate the most harmless.

Vil. But consider he failed in his appointment when you had consented to elope with him. He broke his word.

Leo. That was very shocking, to be sure. But as I was the person wronged, I conceive I have a right to forgive if I please: besides, I will never believe that he intended to deceive me. No; he is of a country too generous to abuse his conquests. The vanquished in war, the Briton treats with humanity; will he then fail in tenderness to the heart that love has made his captive?

Vil. Ay, ay, a woman in love can always make good excuses for her passion.

Leo. That is extremely fortunate, for there are very few disposed to make excuses for her.—Well, I am determined to cherish the dear idea of enjoying happiness with the man of my choice.

SONG.—Leonora.

The hope which animates my heart,
And makes me ev'ry fear dismiss—
Deceitful joy can ne'er impart;
No, 'tis the harbinger of bliss.

So, when at eve, in tints of gold
The radiant clouds adorn the skies,
They thus prepare us to behold
The morrow's sun in splendour rise.

Yes,

Yes, I'll indulge the dear belief,
 That happy morrows are in store,—
 And trust that voice which tells me grief
 Shall never hound my bosom more.

The hope which animates, &c.

Here comes my old four-faced guardian, and yet, to say the truth of him, he is like the cocoa-nut, a rugged outside with a milky kernel.

(Don Miguel de Lara enters, attended by inferior officers of the Inquisition: he looks sternly at Leonora and Viletta, and seats himself at a table.—Juan and Friars enter with him.)

Mig. Girls, what do you stay here for? don't you see I am in business?

Leo. That is no reason we should go; for your business may be our amusement.

Mig. I am going to try a cause.

Leo. I like to hear a cause tried of all things.

Mig. But it is about carrying a lady away by force.

Leo. Oh! that must be very interesting: I am determined to stay now.

Mig. There it is: whenever a cause comes on where something improper is expected to be brought forward, the crier may bawl out, "Ladies, leave the court," till he croaks like a raven; but the devil a woman will budge from her place.

Leo. You are a very scandalous man, Guardy; and to show you how unjust you are, we'll withdraw. Come along, Viletta.

[Exeunt.]

C 2

Mig.

Mig. Poor things ! they are sadly baulked. Well, let me hear what this proceeding has been : where is the chief evidence ?

1st Friar. Evidence, my Lord ! We presumed that every thing of which the Holy Inquisition took cognizance was enveloped in secrecy.

Mig. You did, did you ? Then let me tell you, that if you come to me for justice, you shall see her in open day-light ; for though she is blind herself, she is not ashamed of being viewed by the whole world ; and those who pretend that she likes darkness best, are desirous to palm off some base counterfeit in her place : so let the witnesses stand forward, and bring in the accused.

Dashington enters, guarded by Officers of the Inquisition.

Dash. Well, and who are you ?

Mig. Who am I ? My friend, you seem to have changed places with me : that may be a very proper question from the judge to the prisoner, but I never heard of its being put by the prisoner to the judge. So be so kind as to tell me who are you ?

Dash. Does not my habit speak for me ?

Mig. Not very intelligibly : it is one that commands respect from all, when worn by him who himself respects it ; but a stain on that habit is more offensive than on any other : the purer the garment, the fouler do spots appear on it.

Dash. Very true : but don't look so devilish sour ; you frown most ferociously.

Mig. Frown most ferociously ! why, if I do, you don't seem much terrified at it. But I admit your censure ; mildness alone becomes the seat of justice : the judge and the executioner should never
look

look alike. But what is the prisoner charged with? Who accuses him?

All the Friars. I, I, I.

Mig. I, I, I! Why, what a volley of I's is poured out all at once! You are as eager as a shoal of porpoises to devour your wounded fellow.

1st Friar. No fellow of ours; we disclaim him; he is a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Mig. And what are you? If you are one of the flock, I am sure you are a fierce old ram, and look a great deal more mischievous than the wolf, as you call him. But who is he, and what has he done?

Juan. I'll tell your Lordship all.

Dasht. I'll save you the trouble, brother florist, and tell his Lordship myself.—You must know, then, my Lord, that I have no more pretensions to this cowl, than I have to the Pope's tiara: I put it on to deceive old Cerberus there (who, by the by, is a very honest mastiff), and contrive to get the garden of the convent opened.

Mig. Oh, only to get the garden of the convent opened: a very innocent device, upon my soul!

Dasht. Was n't it? I knew you'd think so; you are a liberal man, my Lord, that can make allowances. Those fellows seem to consider the grounds of a nunnery as their own manor, and want to punish as poachers all gentlemen who go there in pursuit of their own game.

Mig. A mighty hard case, indeed, that a gentleman can't pursue his own game for you.

Dasht. Ay, there now, a'n't you ashamed of yourselves? But, my Lord, I did not go on sport of my own, but merely to aid a friend.

Mig. There, you see the gentleman did not go on his own account, but merely to assist a friend.

Well,

Well, so you and your friend between you, have contrived to carry away a few young ladies from the convent?

Dash. A few! only one, my Lord, upon my honour.

Mig. Only one! how moderate!

Dash. And that one was a lady he doated on; a lady whose heart was devoted to him, as his to her, and without whom existence would have been worse than death.

Mig. Bless my soul! and so they want to punish you merely for saving your friend's life? How shocking!

Dash. Ay, my Lord, you see things in a proper light.

Mig. Yes, yes, and now——

Dash. I suppose I may go?

Mig. No, not yet; I am a little puzzled.

Dash. About what, my Lord?

Mig. Your case. It does not appear quite clear to me.

Dash. What! my case not appear quite clear?

Mig. No; it does not appear quite clear to me, whether the Holy Office will sentence you for this little friendly transaction.

Dash. Holy Office, my Lord! sentence me!

Mig. Yes; whether it will sentence you to be broke on the wheel, or to die at the stake.

Dash. Broke on the wheel!—die at the stake!

Mig. Yes; I declare I have not a notion which.

Dash. Oh, you are joking: ha! ha! ha! it is devilish droll of you. Broke on the wheel! die at the stake! ha! ha! how comical!

Mig. No, not very; though I am uncertain which, it will be one or the other, I am positive.

Dash.

Dash. Lord! you should not mention such horrible things, even in jest: I declare I feel hot and aching all over at the bare idea.

Mig. Upon my life I don't wonder at it. Leave your prisoner with me, I'll report him: officers take charge of him. I declare I am puzzled exceedingly; I have not an idea whether it will be the wheel or a bundle of faggots. [*Exit Miguel.*]

Dash My Lord, hear me! For Heaven's sake don't leave me in this state of perplexity. Oh, what a fever I am in! I say, my dear friend, (*To one of the Officers.*) don't you think this is all a joke? (*Officer turns away.*) Oh, you sulky dog! Pray Sir, (*to another.*) what is your opinion? (*He puts his finger to his lips.*) Oh, dear! Oh, Lord! what! must nobody speak to me? What had I to do in this infernal country? I must be seeking adventures, and be cursed to me! Oh, my sweet, dear little England, shall I never see you again? There the worst of scrapes I could ever get into, would end in passing a jolly night in the watch-house; a jobation from the justice next morning; and the loss of a few guineas for smashed panes of glass, and watchmen's broken heads. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! that I should ever be in such a dreadful plight!

SONG.—Dashington.

Oh! what a most horrid sensation
I feel at this terrible minute!
A curse on this flame-loving nation,
That I should be ever caught in it.

The

WHAT A BLUNDER !

The bent of the mind
 From its pleasures we find ;
 And what is a Spaniard's delight ?
 Why his great holiday,
 Is an aute fe,
 And its bonfires the joy of his sight.

Ah ! shortly there 'll be
 A blaze made of me,
 At some joyful event's celebration :
 On a festival night
 They 'll set me alight
 To make part of a grand 'lamination.

The national taste
 In horror is plac'd,
 Their Escorial's a symbol of malice :-
 They, plainly to prove
 For torture their love,
 In a gridiron's shape built a palace.

For a fault e'er so small,
 Or for no fault at all,
 Here a man dies the death of a sinner ;
 As gospel 'tis true,
 He'll be burn'd for a Jew
 Who cannot eat pork for his dinner.

What an idiot was I
 Dear England to fly,
 Where good humour so justly is boasted ;
 Oh, curse on such folk
 As can't take a joke,
 Here mult I for a frolic be roasted.

[Exit guarded.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Cave.

Two Robbers enter.

1st Rob. Does the woman we brought home yesterday seem any better reconciled to her new habitation and acquaintance?

2d Rob. Not a bit. Damn it! some people can never be contented.

1st Rob. She must be cursed hard to please; for if she were to search all Spain, she would not find a more accomplished set of adventuring gentlemen.

2d Rob. Very true; but you know an ill name goes a great way with prejudiced people; and let a man be as valiant as Cæsar, and as fine a gentleman too, only call him robber instead of conqueror, and all his good qualities go for nothing.

1st Rob. What you say has too much truth in it. But there must be something particular about this woman, or she would surely know when she was well off. What can you find out from her?

2d Rob. That her name is Angelina, the wife of Count Alphonso d'Esparza; and when we plundered her and brought her to this cavern, she was in pursuit of her husband.

1st Rob. There you see, Vasquez, the perverseness of the sex. Now ten to one if the husband had not run away from her, but she would have run away from him: this accounts for her dislike to us. If
her

her husband were of the party, she would soon shew us the preference.

2d Rob. But to business: it is fixed that we shall plunder the house of Don Miguel the Inquisitor this very night.

1st Rob. I am ready: the more desperate the business, the better I like it.

2d Rob. Then this is an undertaking not to your mind; for it will require more caution than enterprise, as we are certain of easy admittance.

1st Rob. How?

2d Rob. We have discovered that this cavern communicates by a private entrance with a dungeon of Don Miguel the Inquisitor's house; so in the dead of night we can make good our entrance without noise. Look, here comes the woman; she is devilish handsome: stand aside.

Angelina enters.

SONG.—Angelina.

Pent within this cavern drear,
 Captive of a ruffian crew;
 Startled at each sound I hear,
 Shudd'ring at each face I view;
 In dread I pass the gloomy day,
 And weep the sleepless night away.

Ere I mourn'd a fate so dire,
 Sorrow was an inmate here;
 Still her beams of heavenly fire,
 Hope display'd my breast to cheer.
 The gladd'ning ray she now denies,
 For dimm'd is hope when freedom dies.

(*A whistle*)

(A whistle is heard without)

1st Rob. Here come some of our party. See the Captain,—ha! and another woman.

2d Rob. Damn it, what a high polish our manners will get! for I am told nothing improves the behaviour so much as female society.

Jaquelina, the Captain, and more Robbers enter.

Ang. Ha! a companion in misfortune!

Jaq. What dreadful place is this?—Oh restore me to liberty, and you shall be rewarded to your utmost wishes. Oh Madam, entreat for me!

Ang. I entreat for you and for myself, for I, like you, am a wretched captive.

TRIO AND CHORUS.

Jaquelina, Angelina, and Captain of Robbers.

Jaq. and Ang. Compassion to our woes impart,
Nor vainly let us sue:
The breast that owns a valiant heart,
Is still to pity true,

Capt. Try no more this useless wailing,
Think not that my ears assailing
You my rugged heart can move.

Jaq. and Ang. Kindly grant us freedom's blessing.

Capt. Vain is all this earnest pressing.

D

Jaq

WHAT A BLUNDER!

Jaq. and Ang. Joys that flow from mercy prove.
Capt. Ne'er such weakness will I prove.
 Learn that I drew my infant breath
 Within the robber's cave;
 And when too young to deal out death,
 I dug the dead man's grave.
 Then think you that a woman's tear
 Can make this bosom feel?
 I'm dead to pity as to fear,
 My heart is cas'd with steel.

CHORUS.

Then think you that a woman's tear
 Can make our bosom's feel?
 Were dead to pity as to fear,
 Our heart's are cas'd with steel.
Jaq. and Ang. Be soften'd by a woman's tear,
 And for our sorrow's feel;
 To pity wake, though dead to fear,
 Nor case your hearts with steel.

SCENE III.

Miguel's House.—Leonora and Don Miguel enter.

Leo. My dear Guardian, what is this shocking thing I hear——

Mig. How should I know what shocking things you hear?

Leo. Of the young gentleman in the friar's habit.

Mig. Well, and what of him?

Leo. That he is in danger of being punished.

Mig.

Mig. And ought he not to be punished?

Leo. No, I think not.

Mig. Indeed! What! not for being concerned in carrying a lady from a convent?

Leo. No!—If the lady was willing to go from the convent.

Mig. Really?

Leo. Yes, really. Force certainly ought to be punished; and therefore, punish those, dear Guardy, who placed her there. For surely it is a greater crime to put a lady into a convent against her consent, than to take her away with her consent.

Mig. The young gentleman has a mighty warm advocate in you; and I really believe, that if he were to be tried by a jury of spinsters, they would not hesitate long in pronouncing him—Not guilty.

Leo. And do you now, my dear cross-looking, good-natured Guardy—do you pronounce him—Not guilty. Consider, she is no nun, that is carried off. She had not taken the vows; therefore, there is no harm at all in what he has done—Now is there?

Mig. A thought has struck me—you shall go to him.

Leo. Shall I? Oh, thank you, dear Guardy.

Mig. Yes; and you shall tell him from me, that I so much compassionate his situation—

Leo. That is so kind, now.—Well, well.

Mig. That I will exert all my interest—

Leo. Ay, do now; there is a dear Guardy.

Mig. Yes—that I will exert all my interest—to have him—

Leo. What?—What?

Mig. Only imprisoned for life.

Leo. Oh, frightful!—Imprisoned for life!—I declare you are quite horrible!

Mig.

Mig. Yes,—Imprisoned for life :—so far you may say from me !

Leo. Psha !

Mig. Yes, but you may say from yourself—from yourself—mind, not from me.

Leo. Well !—What ?

Mig. That if he don't like my proposal, and wish at the same time to save me a great deal of trouble——

Leo. Well, well.

Mig. That he had better——

Leo. Better do what ?

Mig. Scamper away as fast as he can.

Leo. Oh, you dear good creature !—I'll go to him directly.

Mig. No, no, on second thoughts, I'll order him to be brought here, and I'll take measures so, that nobody shall be in the way to prevent his escape.

[*Exit Miguel.*]

Leo. How happy I am that this poor young man will be soon freed from his fears !—How delightful it is to lift off the load of misery from the bosom sinking under its pressure ! Ah ! where is he who alone can banish affliction from my bosom,

=====

AIR.—Leonora.

Again my absent love to meet,
Severest toil with joy I'd greet ;
At noon through Afric's sands I'd go,
At midnight pace the realms of snow.

What

When found, such rapture would be mine
 As words can ne'er reveal ;
 For ah ! the bliss of love divine
 The heart can only feel.

Dashington enters.

Dash. What the devil is to be done to me now ? I am to endure a little thumb-screwing, mayhap ; or they may be going to amuse themselves with drawing a row of my teeth ; or, lest confinement should injure my growth, they intend to stretch me out half a foot or so. Some pleasant little experiment is to be tried, no doubt. What !—a woman ! My dear, dear Madam, if you have a grain of compassion—Hey !—It is she ! The lovely creature I met at Madrid.

Leo. O Heaven ! Is it you ? you that I am to save ?

Dash. And can you, indeed save me ?—Oh you dear angelic creature (*Going to embrace her.*) But I must not be too free with my raptures. I remember I had a gentle hint once given me that you were another man's property

Leo. What do you mean ?—I another's property ? insulting man ! do you meanly attempt to defend your own inconsistency by falsely accusing me ?

Dash. Not I. I don't accuse you of inconsistency. I own myself greatly honoured by your very flattering partiality ; but—

Leo. But what ?

Dash. Why, as you know another person has a certain claim to you——

Leo. That, I conceive, was my consideration, not your; and when I offered you my heart, were you mean enough to yield your claims to the frivolous pretensions of another. Fie, fie, I thought more nobly of you.

Dash. There it is now—when a woman has a mind to follow her inclinations, her husband's claims are mere frivolous pretensions. (*Aside.*)

Leo. No, no; inconstancy, not fear, induced you to break your appointment. That penetrable bosom was pierced by some new object.

Dash. My dear Madam, you have hit it exactly.

Leo. And do you confess it?

Dash. Upon my soul there is no denying it.

Leo. This audacity is insufferable.

Dash. Patience for one moment, my angel!—Heaven knows I mean this not in the language of figure, but as mere dismal matter of fact. My bosom *was* pierced by an object new to me; but not such an object as your fancy pictures, with a smooth smiling face; but by one with a pair of frowning brows, and fierce mustachios.—The weapon that wounded me, was not a sparkling eye, but a damned long sharp toledo; and instead of being prevented from observing my appointment, by the act of breathing out my soul from my lips, it was hurrying very fast out of my body, from a hole that a friend of yours did me the kindness to drill through me.

Leo. My torment is then returned, and I am doomed to misery.

Dash. Torment!—Ah! that means husband all the world over.

Leo.

Leo. But how was he acquainted with our attachment.

Dasht. To my shame, I own, by my indiscretion. You remember at our last meeting, you kindly fixed the day on which you would explain to me all the particulars of your situation, and fly with me from Spain.

Leo. Yes, yes—how I repent my weakness!

Dasht. Business in the mean time called me some miles from Madrid.—I however posted with a lover's speed to observe the appointment—a violent storm, which though I was disposed to brave, not all my efforts could persuade my steed to encounter, obliged me to take shelter at an inn. There I found a certain gentleman, likewise weather-bound. Observing my anxiety to proceed on my journey, he enquired the cause.—I foolishly revealed it—on which he furiously called me villain, bestowed some hearty curses on you, Ma'am,—so to tilting we went—and as it happened, he left me, to all appearance, not likely to be any man's rival in future.

Leo. 'Twas certainly Don Philip. But how could you describe me? for I never had revealed my name to you.

Dasht. But that I had unluckily discovered.

Leo. What became of your adversary?—Was he hurt?

Dasht. Yes:—I pinked him a little. But supposing me killed, I learned that he was immediately removed in a litter, and what became of him I know not.

Leo. He is certainly dead.

Dasht. What, then you have neither seen nor heard of him?

Leo. No; and you are now in the house of his father.

Dasht.

Daff. The devil I am! What, then, the old gentleman who was a little puzzled whether I should be broke on the wheel, or die at the stake, is his father?

Leo. Yes.

Dash. Oh, then, I dare swear he'll soon make up his mind.

Leo. He had kindly consented to release you. Fly, fly, while you have the power; for should Don Miguel learn that you are the murderer of his son—*(During this speech Don Miguel enters behind.)*

Mig. What do I hear? The murderer of my son! Oh the villain! What a mercy it is that I have you still in my power!—Here, Sancho—Perez—(*Two Officers enter.*) take this ruffian—put him into a dungeon.—Oh, my poor boy Philip!—Well, though I can't restore you to life, I'll be revenged on your murderer.

• **Trio.**—Leonora, Dashington, and Don Miguel.

Mig. From my fight this moment bear him.

Daph. Now I fear I'm quite undone.

Leo. You intended, Sir, to spare him.

Mig. What! the man who kill'd my son!

Daft. Sir, my nature is not bloody.

Mig Take away that tiger whelp.

Dash. He pok d me quite through the body.

Leo. What he did he could not help.

Dash. Bless me, Sir, you're vastly cruel,

Mig To revenge a murder'd son !

Dash. } He fell fairly in a duel,
and } Which he would not let { me } shut.
Leg. }

Mig

Mig. How can you plead for the villain?

Leo. Sir, I plead for justice sake.

Dash. If I die your son for killing,
Let it not be at the stake.

Mig. You shall die my son for killing,
And it shall be at the stake.

Leo. Hear me plead for justice sake.

Dash. Wedded to my country's fashion,
I would rather far be hang'd.

Mig. Zounds! you but increase my passion;
I'll no longer be harangu'd.

Leo. Sir, let mercy temper passion,
And with patience be harangu'd.

SCENE IV.

A Forest—A violent Storm.

Sir Sturdy O'Tremor enters.

Here is a blessed night for a man in a consumption! But I should not mind all this soaking and pelting, if I only knew what is become of my dear little girl. I thought to find her so snug and so cozy at the village where I ordered my man Pat to conduct her. Sure honest Pat hasn't turned out a big rogue, and carried her back to the convent! Blood and fury! Why did I leave her in any body's care, without staying myself to see that they did as I ordered them? I am in a pretty kind of a hobble. I left my mistress, to look after my friend, and now
I have

I have lost both.—(*Coughs.*) Oh, this devil of a night! (*Coughs again*) There is your true genuine hollow church-yard cough. Yes, yes, I may trust to this for doing my business' expeditiously; otherwise, what fine rheumatics and lumbagos this precious drenching would lay in store for the amusement of my old age! (*A shriek at a distance.*)—Ha! the scream of a woman! Perhaps it may be Jaqueline—if not, 'tis certainly a woman—and in danger—and when that is the case, one is n't to wait to know whether she is one's own woman, or whose woman she is—for every man is every woman's natural protector.

[*Rushes off.*]

SCENE V.

Changes to that part of the Forest where Alphonso's Cottage stands.—Storm continues.—Angelina runs on, and then supports herself against a Tree.

Ang. I have at length escaped them. Overtaken by the ruffians in my flight from their horrid dwelling, I must again have been forced thither, but for the generous man who flew to succour me.—Blessings, blessings on him! I am sadly faint.—My strength is gone—quite gone.—Should they vanquish my deliverer, and again pursue me, I am lost. (*Attempts to proceed, but finds herself unable.*)

able.) Oh feeble, feeble limbs! will you betray me?—I feel a faintness at my heart. Oh, exhausted quite—Heaven have mercy on me!—(*Sinks down, fainting.*)

Alphonso enters.

Alph. Ha! such a night as this has charms for me—Now are the elements in unison with my perturbed bosom—Methinks I could endure existence without repining much, would Nature always look thus terribly. I love her in this garb of horror—When she is thus arrayed in night's black mantle, adorned with vivid flames—then, then I hail her, for she seems as she had not forgot there are such wretches as myself, to whom her smiling looks and robes of gaiety are hateful, and appear as much the guise of mockery, as would the gewgaw dress of masking revelry at the last solemn rite paid to the dead.—This is a night to scare the guilty. The elements are now my ministers of vengeance—they give to conscience tenfold terror. The thunder echoes her reproaches, and the fierce lightning vouches for Heaven's wrath. Now that false heart that wronged Alphonso trembles! 'Tis just, 'tis just, oh cruel Angelina; for what a wretched being hast thou made him!—Hast thou not changed his very nature? He who once felt tenderness for all, has now no feeling left for any human being, but abhorrence—(*Angelina groans.*) What is that? (*She groans again.*) The cry of misery.

Ang. Oh Heaven! some help, or life forsakes me!

Alph. Ha! a woman's voice! She called for help—Well—death best administers it. (*Going.*) That's harsh—that's harsh—*she* never wronged me—*she* may be some poor deserted being, like myself

myself—victim of perfidy. The wretched, however they may shun the offices of kindness to the proud and happy, who disclaim them, should still relieve the wretched.—Poor creature, though perhaps I do thee wrong to lengthen life, the little aid that I can give, I won't withhold. Come, let me hide thee from the drenching storm beneath this roof, which I ne'er thought would lodge a human being but myself—but misery should be a passport every where.



ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Dungeon, with a Lamp burning.

*Dashington, in the Samarra Habit, discovered
with Juan.*

Juan.

WELL, here you are, safely lodged, and properly habited. You have helped me into a new post, for I am appointed one of Don Miguel's officers; and to shew that I am worthy of my trust, I shall look after you pretty sharply. Now, my friend, you are to observe, that silence is particularly insisted on by the holy and merciful Inquisition, whose prisoner you have the happiness to be—So—mum—no noise, or by virtue of my office, I must be under the necessity of exercising wholesome chastisement. Take my hint—make yourself comfortable, and don't be clamorous. Having now said all that is necessary, remember our conversation, in future, must be in dumb show. [Exit Juan.]

Dash O Lord, O Lord! I have brought my adventures to a pretty catastrophe. Oh, what a
E
curled

curled blockhead have I been, to play such pranks in a country where there is this odious, horrible inquisition!—A pretty figure I make, with their cursed jacket of flames and devils!—But I wish that were the worst part of the business. If they would let me out alive, and with whole bones, I would be contented to do penance in this pretty vestment, up St. James's Street and Bond Street, for the rest of my life. Nay, that would be no punishment, for I dare swear, as soon as this queer coat was seen there, it would be thought ugly enough to come into fashion. All my fine women, too, in compliment to me, would dress à l'*Inquisition*; and for a whole season, at least, nothing would be voted stylish that was not of the devil and bonfire pattern—But here am I lodged in this black hole, and my only *promenade* will be to a bundle of faggots, where I and my jacket will be turned into cinders and tinder. Oh, curse it! how horrible! Never did I expect to make such a flaming exit. (*A noise without.*)—Hey! what is that noise? (*Noise again.*)—Ah! they are coming for me. They don't keep me long in suspense.—Oh, curse it! what a pity that such a fine flourishing shoot, in full vigour, should be condemned for fire-wood! (*The private entrance through the wall is opened.*)—Ah, they are here; it is all over with me!

Enter Robbers, with caution, not seeing Dashington.

1st Rob. Hush! hush! tread softly.

Dash Oh, you need not stand upon ceremony.

1st Rob. We shall soon finish the business.

Dash.

Dasht. I dare say you will—What a cursed hideous crew!

1st Rob. What is that? (*Seeing Dashington*)

2d Rob. It is a ghost.

Dasht. Not yet, but I soon shall be. What an effect my misery must have on my visage, when I even frighten the fellows who come to look for me!

2d Rob. It must be a ghost.

1st Rob. Ghost, you blockhead! It is one of the Inquisitor's prisoners.—Are you not, fellow?

Dasht. I am, I am—but I would much rather be a ghost of the two, if I could be made one without any preparatory ceremony.

1st Rob. If you are a prisoner, we will set you free.

Dasht. Set me free? What! Set me free?

1st Rob. Yes, on one condition.

Dasht. Any, any condition, my dear friends; for there is nothing I would not sooner do than be roasted.

1st Rob. Follow us, then, to plunder the Inquisitor's house.

Dasht. To plunder the Inquisitor's house!

2d Rob. Yes, but that will not content you; you want to be revenged—Well, you shall; we mean to take him and all his family quiet, that they may not tell of this midnight visit.

Dasht. Oh, you do!

2d Rob. Yes. I knew you would be pleased to find Don Miguel's throat was to be cut.

Dasht. No, upon my soul I am not.

2d Rob. Not by any body but yourself, you mean. Well, well, we'll indulge you—There—(*Throws him a dagger.*) You shall do that business.

Dasht.

Dash. (*Takes the dagger.*) No, I'll be damned if I do. Look ye, gentlemen, I thought you were come to perform rather an ugly kind of office. That you are not, believe me I am truly grateful; but I think that taking the life of another would be an awkward way of showing my joy for the preservation of my own.

1st Rob. Stay where you are, then, and we'll soon dispatch—

Dash. Not so fast—I will neither cut throats myself, nor suffer them to be cut by others, without doing all I can to rouse their owners to look after them. I'll try, therefore, if my windpipe can preserve other people's.—Holloa!—Murder!—Robbers!—Murder!

1st Rob. Silence, villain!—The house will be alarmed!—Seize him! gag him! and bear him with us. We will make you rue this outcry.

Juan. (*Without.*) What the devil do you make all that bawling about? Did not I tell you to be silent?

1st Rob. Make haste!—Close the entrance, or we are discovered and ruined. (*As the Robbers are carrying Dashington through the private avenue Juan enters*)

Juan. Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! What is all this? See, a parcel of devils are flying away with him through the wall—He's a forcerer, as sure as fate—That I should ever see such a sight!—Help, help! Murder! Devils! Help!

Don Miguel and Officers enter.

Mig. What are you making this uproar about? Speak!—What is the fellow so frightened at?—Where is your prisoner?

Juan

Juan Gone, gone, gone.

Mig. Gone! Oh, you villain!

Juan It is no fault of mine—it is no fault of mine—How can I keep a prisoner if a party of devils choose to fly away with him?

Mig. What does the rascal mean? Confess, you dog, confess!

Juan. I'll confess all I know—but I am so frightened.

Mig. Speak, you villain!

Juan I will. I will, I will. You must know, then, my Lord, that I locked the prisoner in this dungeon, as sure as I stand here a living man, and cautioned him, in a friendly way, not to utter a syllable, or I should be obliged to come and thump him. Well, my Lord, all was quiet for some time, till at last I heard a noise, which, at first, I was foolish enough to believe was made by the prisoner—but if I had thought a moment, I might have known it was nothing like a human voice, for it was just as if all the wild beasts in the forest had been roaring in a thunder-storm.—Well, my Lord, in comes I—and—oh! I shall never forget it the longest day I have to live—what did I see but the whole dungeon in a flame of fire, and a troop of devils flying away with the prisoner through the wall.

Mig You rascal! you have made a fine story to account for your villainy. This won't do with me—so I shall leave you in his place and we'll see if any of his devil friends will be so obliging as to fly away with you.

DUET and CHORUS.—*Don Miguel, Juan, and Officers.*

- Juan.* Show some pity to me, pray, Sir!
- Mig.* Here you certainly shall stay, Sir.
- Juan.* Oh, my Lord! 'twill be my death.
- Mig.* Shall a dolt like you deceive me?
- Juan.* What I've said is true, believe me.
- Mig.* You as well may spare your breath.
I'll show you, you knave, how I punish deceit.
Let him here be locked up, and have nothing to eat.
- Juan.* To be kept without food will not punish me much;
I'm in too great a fright, Sir, one morsel to touch.
- Mig.* As the pris'ner you say,
Was by fiends borne away;
You shall wait till they bring him again.
- Juan.* But suppose it their whim
To take me to him,
Think what will become of me then.
- Mig.* (*To Off.*) Let no one come here
As my vengeance you fear,
Till I myself open the door.
- Juan.* Then poor I shall be found
Dead with fright on the ground,
If I'm not whisker'd away long before.

Chorus of Officers.

No one shall come here
(We to duty adhere),
Till you yourself open the door,

[*Exeunt, leaving Juan.*]

SCENE

 SCENE II.

Inside of Alphonso's Cottage.—Angelina asleep on a Couch.

Enter Alphonso.

Alph. 'Tis now broad day, and time that I should offer to my poor storm-vanished guest such viands as my humble cot affords, She still is sleeping—Well, I will not disturb her slumbers, for rest gives best refreshment.—Soft—she moves.

Ang. (Still sleeping.) Alphonso! my Alphonso!

Alph. My name! 'Tis strange! Psha! Self, self will still be foremost. Are there not more Alphonso's than the wretch whom his false wife has driven to misery? She calls, perhaps, on one, whose dear remembrance her faithful bosom cherishes, while he may have abandoned her, and heaped such anguish on that heart, as falsehood hath lodged here. Let me behold the face of her whose sorrows I conceive akin to mine. Immortal powers. Has madness mastered my poor tortured brain, and do my eyes act as the vassals of distempered fancy?—Or has just Heaven, thus by a miracle, directed the guilty Angelina to her wronged husband, to enforce the vengeance due to her crime? (*Pauses.*) All surrounding objects are reflected to my sense with truth's distinctness.—Can I err only here? No, no! 'Tis

'Tis she, and sent, that death, death by his hand she hath wronged, may expiate her perfidy. Why does my heart shrink from an act of justice? How misery disarms resentment! Yes; yes; 'tis that unnerves me. Did I behold her in the hall of splendour, decked in the robes of gaiety, her eyes sparkling with bliss, then should I rush eager for vengeance, and exult to lay triumphant guilt in ruin: But here I view a wretched creature whom Heaven's hand hath humbled: Is that pale cheek, where suffering is marked with care's sure traces—is that a stimulant to vengeance? Poor ill-fated girl! Thy heart has played thee treacherously—it wanted firmness to prevent thy falsehood, and yet has not been slack to upbraid thee with it. I did not think to have wept for thee, frail Angelina; but thus, thus fallen, even I can pity thee. (*Alphonso turns away weeping*)

Ang. (*Wakes and looks round.*) Soft—Where am I? My mind is confused—Ay, ay, now I remember sinking under fatigue and terror in the last night's storm; and sure some friendly hand conveyed me to this shelter, Ah! (*Seeing Alphonso.*) I trust I now behold my kind protector. (*Throws herself at his feet*)

Alph. True, you do indeed behold him who was once your kind protector. (*Turning towards her.*)

Ang. Oh, Heaven! my Alphonso! Then am I blest; here will I cling for ever. (*Throws herself into his arms; he averts his head, and loosens himself from her embrace.*) Why do you avoid me? Why throw me from you?

Alph. False, false, perfidious, shameless woman!

Ang. Oh, this I feared! My honour has been wounded by the tongue of some base wretch.

Alph.

Alph. It has—by his to whom he gave your honour.—Now, now, false woman, what will avail your protestations? Now call to Heaven to witness for your faith, and damn yourself more deeply. 'Twas not the breath of doubtful rumour told an absent husband that his wife was faithless. No—the cursed tongue that lured you to dishonour, that tongue pronounced the infernal truth, and—became dumb for ever.

Ang. Then justly did a villain perish; for if ever the tongue of mortal could truly charge me with an act, however trivial, or one word or look, that spoke my heart wandering from thee, may Heaven withhold from me its mercy, and let the fiercest pangs that dying sinners tremble at, be my eternal lot! Oh, my Alphonso, spurn not, as faithless, her whose dearest, only joy, has been thy love; her who, if all the world combined to load thee with its hate, would still cling to thee with increasing fondness; and who, if miseries pressed on thy brain too great for reason to support, would tend thee in the cell of madness, and even there derive more ecstacy from one kind look given in the transient intervals of sense, than all the unruffled pleasures that the world without thee can afford!

Alph. Ha! ha! ha! Oh, how finely does woman's glowing fancy picture the charms of constancy, while her warm bosom mocks the ideal bliss, and burns for each new lover!—Angelina—Woman—Woman, I say—No arts, no well-imagined fiction of pure faith—no tears—no, not the genuine drops of true repentance, which atone some crimes, can a crime undo. Truth has proclaimed thy perfidy—my ears, which heard the horrid tale, are shut to denial and to palliation.—My heart is chilled—heart said I? No, no, that I long since gave you—you despised

despised the worthless gift, and threw it from you ; but it has ne'er returned to warm this bosom—No, all here is cold as death.

Ang. Cruel Alphonso ! Turn your remembrance to our past affection. Think on the days—the years we have lived together—Could love like mine be feigned ? Oh, were our dear children here, they would surely waken some tenderness for their poor mother ?

Alph. Angelina ! (*Endeavouring to suppress his tears.*) Shame on this weakness ! but think not, though my eyes betray a sympathy with misery, that my soul can sympathize with guilt, or that the sacred compact of affection plighted to purity, shall remain firm to falsehood. To chain the living to the dead, is not to nature more repugnant, than to link honour with pollution.

Ang. Alphonso—

Alph. No more—Farewell, thou once adored, farewell for ever ! (*He breaks from her, and exit.*)

Ang. Yet hear me—Stay, Alphonso—Till death I'll follow thee—till death protest my truth.

(*Exit, following him.*)

SCENE III.

The Robbers' Cavern.—Jaquelina and Dashington discovered.

Dash. How oddly people are thrown at one another in this strange world !—To meet you here—

Jaq.

Jaq. Is surprising; and providential too, I hope.

Dash. Good society, to be sure, makes the smallest place cheerful; but I can't help wishing that you and I were chatting together somewhere above ground.

Jaq. Are there no means of escape from this horrid place?

Dash. None that immediately occur to me.

Jaq. The Robbers are now on some scheme of plunder—We are alone in the cavern—try the entrance, it may chance they have neglected to fasten the trap.

Dash. There is no hope of that; for you must know my ears were on very active duty as they went out, and I heard the door fall with a dismal bang, and the rusty wards of the lock move with an infernal grating. No, here are we pretty birds fast in our cage—we have no opportunity at present of using our wings.

Jaq. How wretched is our situation!

Dash. Most diabolical.

Jaq. Perhaps they have not secured the private avenue, through which you were conveyed.

Dash. Probably not; but I would rather be excused from making my escape that way. Of two evils, I should think it wiser to stay in my own house and be robbed, than avoid a burglary by escaping into my neighbour's while it was in flames.

Jaq. Be confident of Don Miguel's mercy. I know his character for humanity—be assured you have much less to dread from him than from the savages who inhabit here—besides, the service you rendered in defeating the intentions of the villains, must plead for you.

Dash. Eh! I have a great mind to try.

Jaq.

Jaq. Don't hesitate—consider 'tis our only means of escape.

Dasb. True—well,—do you follow me—but I heartily wish I may be lucky enough to find any other hole to creep out. [Exit.]

SONG.—Jaquelina.

Oh, should I escape from this place full of woe,
 And joyful preludes arise in my breast,
 Such transport I then shall be fated to know,
 That sure I shall be of all mortals most blest.
 Can pleasure be pictur'd, their joys to exceed,
 Who freedom's dear blessings securely retain?
 Yes, sweeter their bliss, who from bondage are freed,
 And liberty, loit to them, welcome again.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

The Dungeon.—JUAN discovered.

I believe I am safe yet.—Oh that I may continue so!—May be the devils don't think me worth fetching. I pray heartily they may hold in that mind. Never shall I forget the frightful sight. I have not courage yet to look to the side of the dungeon where they

they vanished.—If I were to stay here for a year, I should not take a wink of sleep, for fear of finding myself, when I waked, in a place a great deal too hot for my constitution.—What a terrible thing it is to be kept in such a quaking state!—I heard a noise—I hear it again—Oh, I am a lost man! (*He falls down hiding his face.*)

Dashington and Jaquelina enter through the private avenue.

Dash. Well, we have got out of the Robbers' clutches.—Still I wish we had escaped into a more agreeable place.

Jaq. Since we are safe from those wretches, I feel perfect security.

Dash. But the little account I have to answer, I am not at all convinced will be settled to my satisfaction.—Who have we here?—Some poor devil!

Juan. I am no devil, and I wish to have nothing to do with devils—Oh!—Oh!

Dash. Look up.

Juan. I dare not look at any thing so frightful.

Dash. Look-up, my good fellow.

Juan. Don't think to wheedle me, Belzebub—
I defy the devil and all his works.

Miguel and Officers enter.

Mig. Now I shall see if this fellow can't give a better account.—Hey! what's here?—Why, this is sorcery with a witness.—A woman too!—What, Signor Conjuror, you find you did not like solitary confinement, and flew away to fetch yourself a companion?

Dash. If you will allow me, my Lord, to remove from this place, or at least conduct this lady to a
F pleasanter

pleasanter apartment, you may very easily be satisfied as to what now raises your wonder.

Mig. Why, Sir, as you clearly have the knack of flying through stone walls, I conclude you will be just as safe in one place as another.—So come with me, and let me know the particulars of this extraordinary transaction; and you blockhead, (*To Juan.*) you may come too. Pray, Sir, (*To Dashington.*) walk before me, that if you do take it into your head to vanish again, I may at least have the pleasure of seeing whether you fly or sink, or go off in a flash, or how. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Angelina enters supported by Sir Sturdy O'Tremor.

Sir Stur. Oh yes, my dear Madam, I am certain I met the very man you inquire after. He looked scared, and yet furious—his eyes starting out of his head; and he ran past me, as if he was flying for his life. I declare the sight of him gave me a queer kind of feel—a sort of a qualm all over. He seemed for all the world as if the rope had snapped with him at the gallows, and he was running away half hanged.

Ang. Oh my failing strength!—Could I follow him, I might still convince him of my innocence.

Sir Stur. And is it that he doubts?—Oh, what a misbeliever he must be!—Why, the man that can't read innocence in that sweet face, knows nothing of Heaven's hand-writing.

Dash-

Dashington enters.

2 Dashi. Ah, my dear friend, have I found you at last?

Sir Stur. Oh, the sight of you rejoices my heart. But I have lost my dear girl.

Dashi. And I have found your dear girl.

Sir Stur. What do you tell me?

Dashi. Nothing but truth: she is safe, and I am life, and all is right; but you brought me into a pretty scrape—I was very near getting a niche in the Book of Martyrs, by you.

Sir Stur. Hey!

Dashi. Nay, this is no time to dwell on past perils.—Jaquelina impatiently expects you; so make haste to her.

Sir Stur. But this lady needs protection.

Dashi. Mine is devoted to her. There is one of my servants: he will conduct you to your mistress, while this lady may command from me whatever service she requires. So, without ceremony, fly as fast as your worn'out frame will suffer you.

Exit Sir Stur.

Ang. Sir, do not let me tax your kindness, nor dull your joy with my misfortunes.

Dashi. Madam, happiness never found entrance in that breast which was not open to the sorrows of a lovely woman.

Ang. You are truly generous; but indeed it grieves me much to trespass thus. You are burdened with a being whose mind is rent with agony, and whose frame is enfeebled with fatigue and anguish.

Dashi. Take comfort, Madam, and hope for happiness; lean on my arm, and let me conduct you to safety and repose.

Ang.

Ang. I am bound to you for ever. (*She leans on him, and as they are going Alphonso enters.*)

Alph. Horror! 'tis he! Such a sight would brace the arm of palsied cowardice, and in the breast of mercy's self infuse a tiger's fury. Matchless extent of woman's perfidy! a few hours past, with all the seeming of unshaken constancy, wert thou not kneeling at my feet, adjuring Heaven to witness for thy innocence? and now my eyes behold thee in the arms of thy cursed paramour! Villain! I thought my sword had long since paid the debt I owed thee: I'll now make justice certain—and first to deal it here;—false woman, die! (*Rushes at Angelina, who faints, and is supported by Dashington, he defending her with his sword. Sir Sturdy enters, and runs between them: he is followed by Leonora and Jaqueline.*)

Sir Stur. I thought this wild-looking gentleman would be falling foul of somebody. Sir, if you don't curb your passions, you may depend on it they will injure your health.

Leo. Heavens! my sister!

A g. My dearest Leonora!

Leo. But whence this fury and distraction? How altered are your husband's looks!

Ang. Altered, indeed, my sister! some dreadful error has possession of his mind.

Alph. Error! Oh, shameless woman! Can it be error now? there stands the author and proclaimer of your infamy.

Dash. Sir!

Ang. Heaven can witness for me, that till this hour I ne'er beheld his face.

Dash. Give me leave, Sir, to say, that you are a most incomprehensible gentleman. I am ready to admit, that on a certain stormy day, when you and I were

I were weather-bound, I was more communicative than I ought to have been to a stranger; but may devils fly away with me in reality, if I ever mentioned to you that lady's name (which even yet I have not the honour of knowing); I only named to you the Lady Angelina d'Esparza.

Alph. And who but she is owner of that name?

Dasht. Why, that lady, is n't she? (*Pointing to Leonora.*) Pray, Ma'am, is n't your name Angelina d'Esparza?

Leo. No; that is my sister's name, the wife of Don Alphonso.

Dasht. Whew! here is a business! Am I really awake, or is this all a dream? Did I, or did I not, see you at Madrid?

Leo. You did; while I was on a visit to my sister, during Don Alphonso's absence.

Dasht. And——Lord, I begin to find that I have made a cursed deal of mischief. The house, Madam, where you did me the honour to receive me, and allow me to express my passion, was——

Leo. My sister's; and to my shame I own, from apprehension that she would disapprove my conduct, it was without her knowledge I received you.

Dasht. (*To Angelina.*) My dear Ma'am. I beg you a million of pardons; and, my dear Sir, notwithstanding you made a lunge clean through me, I confess you have great reason to be offended: but you see it was all a mistake.

Alph. But whence could this mistake arise? Leonora would never, surely, in her sister's name, receive the visits of a lover!

Dasht. No, Sir; she admitted my visits under no name at all, and obliged me too to promise not to make inquiries. Her commands I punctually obeyed; but at our last interview, as I was quitting the house,

house, I heard a passer-by exclaim, "There lives the beauteous Angelina d'Esparza!" I therefore naturally concluded that the beauteous Angelina was this lady. (*To Leonora.*)

Sir Stur. What a blunder! and it is most extraordinary, that, though there is an Irishman among you, he has had no hand in it.

Ang. Alphonso!

Alph. Oh forgive me, dearest Angelina!

Dash. Although I confess myself horribly to blame, I must say, Ma'am, (*To Angelina.*) that husband of yours is as hasty a gentleman as ever jerked a sword out of its scabbard. The moment I mentioned the name, out came that damned long toledo, and in three seconds it was through me. Upon my soul the greatest blame is due to your rashness.

Leo. No, to your tattling.

Sir Stur. Ah, that is a devil of a fault: never kiss and tell.

Don MIGUEL enters.

Mig. So I have found you out at last, and I am happy to tell you, that those desperate ruffians whom you (*To Dashington.*) hindered from cutting our throats, are all in safe custody. But what do you stay here so long for? There is a devilish good dinner ready; so come in, and be jolly.

Leo. We have discovered the error, Sir, which led us to suppose that this gentleman had encountered your son.

Mig. Why, I was sure it must turn out a mistake; for I have it under my son's own hand that he is at Lima, and intends to remain there; and I am not sorry to find that he has taken himself a
wife

wife, since you wish to take another man for your husband.

Dasb. And may I hope, Sir, that you will consent to my marriage with your ward?

Mig. I consent, with all my soul! She is to be married, not I; and, therefore, I don't see that my inclination has any thing to do but to follow hers.

Sir Stur. Ah, my sweet Jaquelina! if your father would think in this manner, it would be the saving of my life.

Jaq. And of mine too.

Mig. Would it? Why, then, I have the satisfaction of telling you that her father is now perfectly disposed to let her please herself. He only placed her in a convent till he had informed himself thoroughly of your character and fortune; with both which he is now perfectly satisfied.

Sir Stur. Then I am the happiest man living.

Dasb. What, with such a catalogue of maladies!

Sir Stur. Love has cured them all, and I feel at this moment that I am as stout a man as ever.

Mig. If you are not—Hercules must have been a shrimp to you.

Leo. Now, my dear Guardy, I have but one favour to ask, which is, that you will relinquish your office, and cease to be an Inquisitor.

Mig. To that I can't consent; for I am not sure that any other person holding my office would do so little mischief as myself.

Dasb. Yours is the system of true philanthropy—Not to be contented with simply doing good, but also to labour to prevent the evil designs of others—not only to practise virtue, but to preserve the helpless from virtue's foes.

FINALE.

FINALE.

From sorrow and perils tormenting,
Since now we are happily free,
Our pleasure in harmony venting,
Let's pour forth the numbers of glee.

So merrily, merrily singing ;
Let joy's sprightly sound
Be wafted around,
While the bells are so merrily ringing,

What transport ! misfortunes ideal,
And springing from error to find !
And those transports will all become real,
If you to our errors prove kind.

Then merrily, merrily, &c.



PRINTED BY T. RUPNSIDE,
Lower Liffey Street.

